(5.)

SAINT GEORGE,

AND

SAINT PATRICK:

OR, THE

RIVAL SAINTESSES.

AN

EPIC POEM

OF THE

EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

DUBLIN:

Printed by William Porter, Grafton-Street.

1800.

BM

PROEMIUM

TO THE PUBLIC.

I WRITE not to acquire fame—
My muſe ne'er touch'd a venal ſtring:
I write not to procure a name,
For I deſpiſe what that can bring.

Kind fortune has plac'd me above
The taſk of ſcribbling for hire;—
But as my Country claims my love,
For her alone I ſtrike the lyre.

It ever has been my opinion,
'Tis right to ſuccour the oppreſs'd;
Therefore no *proud, corrupt court-minion*
Shall e'er by my muſe be careſs'd.

'Tis not my mode to laviſh praiſe
On one that barters faith for ſtation—
He who his fortune ſeeks to raiſe
By the brain-blow of *his own nation.*

If any one thinks this ſevere,
Moſt patiently he's bound to bear it,
By that *old adage* I revere,
If the cap fits, let him wear it.

TO

UNDERSTRAPPERS, HIRELINGS,

&c. &c. &c.

HAIL! ſcribes of corruption. Moſt terrific band!
This book ye'll condemn, I can't doubt it;
But know, as your voice is the voice of the *damn'd*,
I'm perfectly eaſy about it.

SAINT GEORGE,

AND

SAINT PATRICK.

CANTO THE FIRST.

THE ARGUMENT.

SAINT PATRICK wiſhing to have an Interview with SAINT GEORGE, *diſpatches one of his Knights on a winged Bull with a Meſſage, requeſting a Meeting on* Saint Patrick's Day.—*The Knight finds* SAINT GEORGE *in the Moon, who complies with* SAINT PATRICK'S *requeſt, and appoints the planet of* Mars *for the interview.*—SAINT PATRICK *prepares for the journey—takes leave of* HIBERNIA *his wife.—His Dreſs and Bull's Appointment deſcribed.—His departure.*

WE hear ev'ry day of the nightly debates
In our parli'ment-houſe, for the good of the ſtates;
How the members abuſe one another all night,
And ſometimes at dawn an *odd couple* may fight;

How

How they rail at each other till nine or till ten,
And by four in the ev'ning are at it again.
As ſuch canting of mortals wont bear repetition,
We'll now paſs to people of higher condition.

ST. PATRICK, our Patron, this ſome time has ſeen
The views of his brother, ST. GEORGE, with cha-
grin;
His breaſt being in conſequence fill'd with dark
preſage,
He wrote to the Patron of England this meſſage:—

"Moſt potent, moſt warlike, fleet-vanquiſhing Saint,
Your brother, ST. PATRICK, has cauſe for complaint;
We therefore diſpatch this note unto you, greeting—
Entreating your Saint-ſhip will grant us a meeting;
We further requeſt, Saint, you will not ſuppoſe
That we come, like *St. Denis*, to cut off your noſe:*
'Tis alone for the purpoſe of elucidation,
Which may to our Country be ſome conſolation.
The time, with moſt ſafety, we can be away
From IRELAND's precincts, is on *our own Day:*
For then our brave Knights, a redoubtable train,
Our laws and our cuſtoms will ſtrictly maintain;
All dubb'd with our ribbon and medal ſo grand,
They ſtrut in their robes, the game-cocks of the land;
And

* According to Voltaire, SAINT DENIS cut off SAINT GEORGE's Noſe, in ſingle combat; which feature the Patron of England revenged by lopping off the Patron of France's Ear. But by the command of the Arch-angel GABRIEL, both Saints were obliged to reſtore the ſevered features to their reſpective poſitions.

And to ſuch as dame Nature has courage deny'd,
That courage by *Claret* is amply ſupply'd.
Repoſing our truſt in this right valiant crew—
The *place* of the meeting remains, Saint, with you.
Moſt anxious to hear you explain your fine rhetoric,
We remain—with high conſideration—*SAINT PATRICK.*"

The Saint gave this letter to one of his lords,
Say'ng, take the beſt Bull that my ſtable affords,
And without loſs of time, I hereby you command
To depoſit this note in ST. GEORGE'S own hand.—
Ye all know, Fair Readers, how gay Voltaire ſings,
The Aſs his Maid * rode on was furniſh'd with wings:
Ye'll agree then with me, 'tis as natural full
For Heav'n to give wings to a Horſe or a Bull.—
The truſty ambaſſador found the Saint ſoon,
Who then was repoſing himſelf in the moon—
For having in Holland made lately ſome *martyrs*,
He fixed on the moon, as good ſnug winter quarters.
When the courier arriv'd, GEORGE was in a brown ſtudy,
For *Britannia*'s great debt made him look ſomewhat muddy;
He juſt then his loſt blood and treaſure was ſcanning,
And how to make PATRICK pay well for it, planning.—
Digreſſions I hate, but digreſs here I muſt:—
You know, my good reader, all Saints ſhould be juſt;

But

* Maid of Orleans.

But where is the juſtice in making his brother,
ST. PATRICK, pay dear for the faults of *another*.
We all know ST. GEORGE never deigns to repoſe
His truſt in ST. PATRICK, on coming to blows
With France, or with Holland—no matter what nation;
He never conſults with his own blood-relation;
And let the reſult turn out as it may,
For ENGLAND poor IRELAND muſt always well pay!
O fie! GEORGE, to treat thus thy neareſt allied!
Dame Juſtice thou'ſt long ſince bade kiſs thy back-ſide.—
ST. GEORGE was not perfectly pleas'd with the ſtyle
That ST. PATRICK addreſs'd him, but ſoon feign'd a ſmile,
Humm'd a tune, and perus'd the contents of the note,
And in anſwer to PATRICK the following words wrote:—

"Moſt feſtive, moſt puiſſant, ſnake-baniſhing Saint, *
Our words are too feeble your proweſs to paint;
We've taken your Note into conſideration,
And for our departure have made preparation:
We therefore inform you, with compliments greeting,
That we have determin'd to grant you a meeting.

But

* Through the entire of the Poem it will be obſerved, how laviſh ST. GEORGE was of his *Titles* on ST. PATRICK. He, no doubt, thought *ſomething might be done by them*:—yet it muſt be remarked, that in general they have more the appearance of *Deriſion* than of *real Veneration*.

But then our opinion is, great Saint of Bog,
It would be more prudent to travel incog.
And as there's much ceremony uſed in *fix'd ſtars*,
Let's meet in the *wandering* planet of *Mars* *—
Where we truſt we'll remove ev'ry cauſe of complaint.
So remain—with due conſideration——GEORGE, SAINT."

The Saint then addreſs'd, thus, the Iriſh courier:
" You muſt be in need of repoſe, noble peer,
We therefore have order'd your ſupper and bed,
Which can't fail relieving your ſtomach and head;
Nor yet are our ſtables of Horſes ſo full,
But our grooms can procure a ſnug ſtall for your Bull,
And plenty of hay and oats—but we much fear
He can't get Potatoes, for they don't grow here."
The peer quick reply'd—" Thanks magnanimous Saint,
But neither am I or my Bull the leaſt faint,
For I cram'd in my wallet, on leaving my ſhore,
A good ſtock of *Praties*, and *Whiſkey galiore*—
So when dry or hungry, myſelf and my beaſt,
On praties and whiſkey together do feaſt.
And, moreover, my maſter bid me not delay,
So expect to be with him before it is day."

* It is reaſonable enough to ſuppoſe that Ceremonials are diſpenſed with in the Planets, as by *their* wanderings and revolutions *they* appear to uſe little or no *Ceremony* with the Heavens.

Then wiſhing his Saint-ſhip a very good night,
Clap'd his ſpike in his Bull, and for *Ireland* took
flight. *

The courier in this prov'd as good as his word,
And what made it more ſtrange, was, his being a
Lord!
For he reach'd his dear home by the time that he
ſaid!
And ſurpris'd his great maſter ſtill ſnoring in bed.
All hail Peer and Bull! alike wond'rous your pow'rs,
Ye completed your miſſion in twenty-four hours.
Along ſide the Saint lay HIBERNIA, his wife—
Whom he ever had valu'd more dear than his life—
So waking her gently, he GEORGE's Note read,
And then having *kiſs'd* her, he this to her ſaid:
" My truly ador'd wife, my much better part,
To you I'll now freely unboſom my heart:
Since GEORGE has accepted of my invitation,
I muſt for my journey make quick preparation;
But firſt, 'tis conſiſtent with reaſon and ſenſe
That I put my frontiers in a ſtate of defence,
Leſt while I am abſent my *CROPPIES* might riſe,
And ST. DENIS to aid them attempt a ſurpriſe;
He's ſuch a ſly rogue we muſt narrowly watch him,
But before he gets *Ireland* perdition ſhall catch him.
I likewiſe ſuſpect that ST. GEORGE means ſome trick,
(You know he poſſeſſes the craft of *Old Nick*,)
Elſe

* The reaſon will appear in the courſe of the Poem, why *Spikes* and *Spears* were ſubſtituted for *Spurs*, in the court of ST. PATRICK.

Elſe why ſhould a ſtar ſo remote meet his pref'rence,
When others much nearer would ſerve for the ref'-
rence ; *
His ſcheme is moſt obvious—whilſt I am away
He thinks he can better continue his play ;
Ee'n now by the virtue of his curſed gold
More than half of my poor tortur'd Country is ſold!
Believe me, he'd forfeit Blood, Honor, and Treaſure,
To carry this UNION—His *miſchief-fraught* meaſure!
But, my deareſt HIBERNIA, do not deſpair,
I'll mount a fleet Bull, and on him cut the air,
And never will halt until ST. GEORGE I find,
When, love, be aſſur'd, I will tell him my mind.
My Knights, in the mean time, muſt keep ſharp look
out—
And, by the bye, ſome of them are not *too* ſtout—
They delight ſo to gormandize, 'tis my belief,
But juſt lay before them a ſirloin of beef,
And let there be plenty of claret at hand,
They'd reſign to the *Devil* the *Care of their Land!*
Their Officers are of the ſame way of thinking—
The Idol they worſhip is eating and drinking :
And what ſtill is worſe than this great love of pamp'-
ring,
ST. GEORGE, I'm convinc'd, is with ſome of them
tamp'ring.

* We believe ST. PATRICK here alludes to the planet *Venus*, which, according to *Sir Iſaac Newton*, *Deſcartes*, and other great aſtronomers, is generally fallen in with, by *aërial adventurers*, ſome thouſands of miles nearer the Earth than *Mars*. But neither ST. PATRICK or my reader will wonder at ST. GEORGE's ſhunning that delightful planet, when they become better acquainted with His *Conſtitution*.

In my abſence, if they are not well on the watch,
Soon as I return I'll inſtall a new batch,
So let them be vigilant, or I'll degrade 'em—
By my Croſs I believe I was *drunk* when I made 'em."
Old *Ireland*'s Saint, this invective being over,
Kiſs'd HIBERNIA again, with the zeal of a lover;
For PATRICK well knew how to value ſuch charms
As HIBERNIA'S—who ſpoke thus, while claſp'd in his arms:
" My ever dear PADDY, * thou Saint of my heart!
Although I'm in torture when from me you part,
But ſince glory requires you ſhould from me ſtray, †
Far be 't from HIBERNIA to wiſh you to ſtay;
For—as Heaven's the witneſs of your loving wife—
She values your honor more high than your life; ‡
Beſides I'm convinc'd I ſha'n't long have to mourn;
So look forward with joy to your ſpeedy return:
Then go—may the Gods grant your every deſire!
But one kiſs, at parting, is all I require."
No ſooner the words from HIBERNIA'S mouth ſlips,
Than ST. PATRICK again preſſes her cherry lips;
With ſimilar ardor thoſe lips ſeem'd to burn,
And voluptuouſly kiſs'd her dear PATRICK'S in turn.

The

* Wives alone can take the liberty to abbreviate the Names of their Saints.

† Here HIBERNIA exhibits an admirable example of *real affection*.

‡ It is vulgariſm to ſuppoſe Saints *immortal*.—*St. Stephen* was ſtoned to death;—and this very *Denis*, of France, is remarkable for carrying his head in his arms, and kiſſing it after it had been cut off! however, it ſeems he contrived to faſten it again on his ſhoulders—as this event took place before SAINT GEORGE cut off his ear.

The Saint with reluctance takes leave of her charms,
And with grief, disintentangles himself from her arms.

Now ruddy Aurora had mounted her car,
And her advanc'd beams were observ'd from afar;
So vivid and brilliant appeared each ray,
That ST. PATRICK had reason to hope a fine day.
And, dear reader, 'tis right I observe to you here—
For such expeditions the air should be clear,
For if 'tis condens'd, or a boist'rous wind rages,
In such case, the trav'ling is fagging and tedious.
The Saint to the Gods then address'd a short pray'r:
"Vouchsafe that this day and to-morrow be fair,
For your Godships well know that air-travelling's not easy
Should the atmosphere either be cloudy or hazy;
So your humble petitioner fervently prays
You'll grant him fine weather at least for two days."
The Saint, his pray'r ended, from kneeling arose,
And in a great hurry adjusted his cloaths:—
His robe was of camblet, his breeches of frize,
Which, well lin'd with shammy, encircl'd his thighs;
Of fine cunnamara were form'd his hose,
'Twas that he found best kept the frost from his toes;
His boots were compos'd of the strongest Jack leather,
Well season'd and proof against all kinds of weather;
A high mitr'd cap on his bald pate he wore,
With a large sprig of *Shamrock* stuck in it before;
A sharp pointed spear he bore in his hand,
Its purpose not only to awe and command—

For

For ſhould the Bull lag, he'd ſtick this in his ſide,
As ſpurs were quite uſeleſs, ſo thick was his hide.
Thus equipp'd, the Saint order'd his Bull to the door,
Which orders the Bull obey'd with a loud roar;
SAINT PATRICK never made uſe of a ſaddle,
But preferr'd, like a huſſar, to ride on a ſtraddle—
Which makes one imagine the ſeat ſtuck with thorns.
His bridle was faſt'ned around the bull's horns.
Tho' this mode of bridling ſeems ſomewhat uncouth,
Yet the Saint ſays, the *horns* make an *excellent mouth*.—
All now being ready, the Saint his Bull mounted,
And e'en before fifty-nine ſeconds were counted—
So mild was the air, and ſo rapid their flight—
They in that ſhort period, were clear out of ſight.

END OF CANTO THE FIRST.

CANTO THE SECOND.

THE ARGUMENT.

SAINT GEORGE *departs from the Moon on a winged Horſe—calls on* BRITANNIA *his wife—his ſhort Interview with her.—Arrives in the planet of* Mars, *where he meets* SAINT PATRICK.—*Their* Conference.—*The Saints depart from the Planet for their reſpective kingdoms.*

WE'LL now let ST. PATRICK continue his route,
And ſee what his brother, ST. GEORGE, is about:
Recollect, we obſerv'd he was not overjoy'd,
And, tho' he ſeemed careleſs, was ſomewhat annoy'd
On receiving the ſummons from his brother Saint,
His ſeeming indiff'rence was only a feint.
You ſay the courier met a cordial reception—
But know, GEORGE is ſkill'd in the art of deception,
And tho' he appear'd ſo uncommonly civil,
He wiſh'd both the Knight and his Bull at the *devil.*
The Saint, having briefly conſider'd the caſe,
Reſolv'd on his Project to put a bold face,
And ſhould he fail carrying his point by entreating,
He meant to try what he could do by brow-beating;

Then

Then finally coming to this reſolution,
He put his deſigns into quick execution.
No ſooner the ſun-beams had gilded the eaſt *
Than ST. GEORGE from his couch roſe, and mounted his beaſt.
And, dear readers, no doubt you muſt all know, of courſe,
The beaſt that ST. GEORGE rides is always a Horſe;
Perhaps, too, you'd wiſh that I here would expreſs
The make and the texture of *Britain*'s Saint's dreſs;
I ſee you are curious, but that will not do—
Pray what are the dreſſes of *England* to you?—
And here, once again, I'm oblig'd to digreſs,
Fair readers, alone on the ſubject of dreſs:
Convinc'd that nought's wanting to your human natures,
But juſt to remind you of your fellow-creatures;
Ye all know what pictures of mis'ry you meet,
What famiſhing ſpectres appear in each ſtreet;
Then why allow numbers in anguiſh to grieve,
When it lies in your power their wants to relieve?
That Charm lies in *Dreſs*—'t would heal ſome heart fractures
Should you wear in your country *its own Manufactures;*
Some vain ones will ſay—well now that's good enough!
What! give up nice muſlins for coarſe *Iriſh* ſtuff!

But

* It may be neceſſary here to obſerve, for the information of the mere *terreſtrial* reader, that the Sun riſes and ſets as regularly in the Moon as it does on this Earth.

But believe me, ſweet creatures, no charm will be loſt,
For when *unadorn'd* you're *adorn'd* the moſt.
'Tis time we reſume, now, the thread of our ſtory—
We left the Saint mounted, exulting in glory;
And ſince to his dreſs ye are all diſappointed,
I'll tell you how he and his Horſe were appointed:
A well burniſh'd helmet protected his brow,
Its creſt was compos'd of a nodding oak bow,
A high poliſh'd ſabre was ſlung by his ſide;
His Horſe was equipp'd in the trappings of pride;
The mettleſome ſteed, with a high bounding heart,
Kept champing the bit till permitted to ſtart.
The Saint gave the rein to his high mettl'd Horſe,
And, ſwift as an arrow, directed his courſe
To where his BRITANNIA in ſoft ſlumbers lay,
As he meant to call on her, tho' *out of his way.*
And here 'tis but right that my readers ſhould know,
When any great diſtance GEORGE chooſes to go,
In ſearch of freſh conqueſts, or regions explore,
BRITANNIA he leaves to guard her native ſhore:
And as he'd not ſeen her for ſix months at leaſt,
No wonder he long'd her ſweet beauties to taſte;
Love having his boſom inflam'd with fierce fire,
He travers'd the air on the wings of deſire:
Her palace he gain'd long before ſhe aroſe,
And ſoftly approach'd her couch on his tip-toes;
Her curtains the Saint, then, with caution back drew,
Heavens! what glowing charms were reveal'd to his view!

Such muſt make a cold anchorite's breaſt with love burn,
From ſuch fighting *Charles* himſelf would not turn;*
Not ev'n *virtuous Billy*, whoſe *chaſtity*'s prov'd, †
Could behold ſuch rare beauties without being mov'd.
The Sainteſs of *England*, when her Saint arriv'd,
Had been at that moment by *Somnus* depriv'd
Of the pow'rs of reflection, her cares beyond number,
Were all by the God of Sleep plung'd in ſweet ſlumber;
No ſooner the gift of the God ſhe poſſeſs'd,
Than in fanciful rapture, conceiv'd ſhe careſs'd
That form ſhe had always been taught to adore—
In that critical moment ſhe wiſh'd nothing more.
Unconſcious the charmer theſe beauties reveal'd,
That had ſhe been conſcious, ſhe would have conceal'd;—
But after all, what did it matter to ſhew 'em
Alone to a huſband, who ought well to know' em.
And now, my fair readers, you're anxious, I ween,
To know what this could be that ST. GEORGE had ſeen;
I can too well a ſecret keep, that to diſcover—
But, dear ma'm, if ever you dream of a lover,

Suffer

* It is well known that *Charles XII.* of *Sweden*, was ſuch a *woman-hater* as to be inſenſible to the *yielding charms* of *Aurora Koningſmark*, the beautiful miſtreſs of *Auguſtus I.* king of *Poland*.

† *William P*—— is much of the ſame conſtitution, with regard to *Women*.

Suffer me to attend you whilſt you lie aſleep,
Then perhaps at ſuch beauties I may get a peep.
BRITANNIA, in ecſtacy, opened her eyes,
No words can expreſs her ſoul's joy and ſurprize,
When ſhe ſaw her Saint ſtanding o'er her unveil'd charms—
Who, unable to ſtand longer, ſunk into her arms:
The moment was over, this guſt of delight,
ST. GEORGE thought no more of the rapturous ſight;
Then addreſſing his Sainteſs, theſe words to her ſaid:
"Love, a few hours longer remain in your bed,
And repoſe your ſweet limbs, dear, for I muſt away,
As I promis'd ST. PATRICK to meet him this day."
BRITANNIA reply'd, in a languiſhing ſtrain—
"You no ſooner come than you leave me again;
I cannot help thinking, your parting ſo ſoon
Is caus'd by ſome rival you left in the moon."
To her the Saint ſaid—"By the juſt Gods above
No fair, e'en in thought, ever ſhar'd in your love;
But I long much this PADDY and his Bull to curry,*
That alone is the reaſon I'm in ſuch a hurry."
BRITANNIA cried—"Curſe on that troubleſome fellow,
Himſelf and his Bull, love, I truſt you'll make bellow;
And could I but encounter HIBERNIA, his wife,
I'd box and pull caps with the minx for her life; †
Go

* It would ſeem, by this expreſſion, that ST. GEORGE was not only determined to *tan* the *Bull*'s hide, but likewiſe to *dreſs that* of ST. PATRICK.

† It muſt be acknowledged that ſuch expreſſions are more applicable to a Fiſh-woman than to a Sainteſs; *but what will not diſappointed Love do!*

Go puniſh the raſcal, great Saint of my heart—
But juſt kiſs me once more before you depart."
ST. GEORGE in haſte anſwer'd—" Thou beauty ſublime!
By the honor and word of a Saint, *I've not time;*
The ſun is high mounted, the day's waxing late,
To our place of appointment the diſtance is great;
But on my return, you may depend on't,
I'll give you as many as then you may want."
So ſaying, he left his dear ſpouſe ſtill in need,
And travers'd the air on his charger with ſpeed.
From experience BRITANNIA knew well 'twas abſurd
To imagine her Saint would in this keep his word;
For tho' he could flatter, entreat, ſoothe, and ſtorm,
She knew well his promiſe he'd never perform.
In fullneſs of rage to herſelf ſhe thus ſaid—
" O potent on ſea, but impotent in bed,
Whilſt far from BRITANNIA, ST. GEORGE, you are fighting,
ST. PATRICK, at home, is HIBERNIA delighting;
If I'm diſcontented, there's nothing ſtrange in it,
ST. PATRICK can kiſs his wife three times a minute. *
Ah! painful reflection! to ſuch to be buckl'd—
Could I meet but with PADDY I'd make GEORGE a cuckold.

I'm

* My readers muſt have remarked that ST. PATRICK gave *his Sainteſs three Kiſſes* in a very ſhort period indeed, but not altogether ſo rapidly as BRITANNIA was informed; but ye all muſt be acquainted with the adage—viz. *A Story never loſes by the Carriage.*

I'm ten times more anxious, *now*, for this ſame UNION
Than ever I was, by the Holy Communion,
For perchance I may then ſee that *Saint in Love's glory*,
Whoſe feats far ſurpaſs all the fictions of ſtory;
If ſo, to *Old Nick* I'll give GEORGE and his graces,
And ſhare with HIBERNIA in PATRICK's embraces."
For *that Saint* I'll anſwer, thou much injur'd fair,
He'd prefer thee in bed to unſubſtantial air;
And ſhould you ſolicit one kiſs, nay one hundred,
He'd give you ſo many, they could not be number'd.
So much for BRITANNIA, and her juſt complaints—
We're now bound in duty to look to our Saints.

Old *Ireland*'s Saint, unaccuſtom'd to yield
To any Saint living in Love's or War's field,
After paſſing by *Venus*, the pride of all ſtars,
Had arriv'd in the fiery planet of *Mars*.
Sweet love he was fond of—of fighting leſs car'd,
But being put to it, was ever prepar'd.—
Not long had HIBERNIA's Saint taken his ſtation,
Till ST. GEORGE arriv'd, with the pride of his nation:
Moſt courteouſly having ſaluted each other,
The Patron of *England* addreſs'd, thus, his brother:
"Know, right *feſtive Saint*, over beaſts over fiſhes
We this day have ſoar'd, to accompliſh your wiſhes;
And, altho' the journey is wond'rous fatiguing,
We took it leſt you ſhould ſuppoſe us intriguing,
Or in any ſhape towards you intending foul play;—
Now great *Saint of Mountains* what have you to ſay?"

ST.

ST. PATRICK thus anſwer'd—"Magnanimous Saint,
We conceive you have given us juſt cauſe for complaint:
We, therefore, entreat you will not deem it treaſon,*
If now unreſerv'd we inform you the reaſon:
We have ever been mindful what gratitude's due
To *you* for your act in the year *Eighty-two*; †
With promptitude have we not join'd heart and hand
With you and *Great Britain* to fall or to ſtand?
Have we ever ſpar'd gold to embelliſh your crown?
Have we ever ſpar'd blood to increaſe its renown?
We've tamely ſubmitted to ev'ry taxation,
To evince tow'rds your intereſt we'd no relaxation;
In granting whatever you pleas'd to require,
As ready to give we, as you to deſire;—
In ſhort, was there ever a wiſh of your heart
In which my poor IRELAND refus'd to take part?—
For all this, then, ſure 'tis no grateful return,
That you ſhould with ſuch ſtrange anxiety burn
To

* ST. PATRICK, no doubt, here alludes to the vile Apoſtates and corrupt Agents of ST. GEORGE, in *Ireland*—a deſpicable, abandon'd tribe of Sycophants, who, (whenever the *true* and *virtuous Sons of their Country expreſs* their diſſatisfaction at *being robbed of* their INDEPENDENCE and CONSTITUTION, or with a laudable and manly ſpirit evince an inclination to protect them) with the moſt *nefarious malignity*, are ever ready to conſtrue ſuch *natural* and *praiſe-worthy* Proceedings into *Treaſonable Practices!*

† The unaſſuming modeſty of the *Iriſh* Saint ſhines here moſt conſpicuouſly, in attributing the *Free Trade* ſolely to the Generoſity of ST. GEORGE, without mentioning a ſyllable of *his own Valiant Volunteers.*

To rob us of ev'ry thing we hold moſt dear—
That *'tis* your intention, great Saint, is too clear.
If riches you prize, what we can we will give,
But only permit our Sons *freely* to live;
To *exiſt* otherwiſe, we can ſee with one eye,
That the *true Sons* of *Ireland* would much rather die!
Then, Saint, as you value our Saviour's Communion,
Give up further thoughts of this *Hell-contriv'd* UNION."
Great Britain's Saint ſaid—" All adduc'd now by you,
Moſt liberal of Saints, is undoubtedly true:
Whenever aſſiſtance from *Ireland* we wanted,
It can't be deny'd but thoſe ſuccours were granted;
Entertaining for ſuch ſignal favors juſt ſenſe,
We, therefore, are anxious to make recompence:
And to Us it appears that there's only *one way*
In our pow'r ſuch rare obligations to pay—
That's, namely, to offer to your gen'rous nation
Th' inexhauſtible *bleſſings* of *Conſolidation;*
At the ſame time entreat it ſhould be underſtood,
That that Meaſure's intended *alone for* YOUR *Good*—
Not a ſingle advantage can *England* retain,
On the contrary, She will *loſe more* than She'll *gain*;
But Profits unnumber'd to *you* muſt ariſe;
'Tis IRELAND, alone, will poſſeſs the rich prize:
The Commerce, Protection, and Trade will be giv'n
To you—of a nation, the firſt under Heav'n.
By UNION ſee *Scotland* and *Wales* how they flouriſh,
'Tis wonderful *you* no ſuch ambition nouriſh.

By

By diſſenſions, then, ſee how your Country is torn,
So diſpers'd are its ſeeds, that 'tis almoſt forlorn;
And ST. DENIS, by his frequent interpoſition,
Foments and encreaſes that fell diſpoſition;
And ſhould he but land a few men on your coaſt,
We've great apprehenſion that all would be loſt.
Againſt your own intereſt, then, why make reſiſtance,
And prevent us the power to yield you aſſiſtance?
Beſides 'tis moſt obvious, in making this choice
You pay no regard to your Country's voice.
Then, Saint, revolve calmly theſe thoughts in your mind—
To your own *great advantage* no longer be blind—
But with wiſdom accept of a friend's invitation,
Fram'd alone for the purpoſe of your preſervation."

ST. PATRICK ſaw clearly into this deception,
How GEORGE would deprive him of all his perception;
And altho' not rear'd in *deception's falſe ſchool*,
Yet the Saint of *Old Ireland* is far from a fool.
He accordingly anſwer'd—" Great Saint, to be brief,
We return our thanks for your proffer'd relief;
At the ſame time we can't help with candour remarking,
The project is thankleſs in which you're embarking.
And here we entreat leave, great Saint, to obſerve,
'Tis yet in your power our thanks to deſerve:
If you're anxious to ſerve us, this one act perform—
Create in the Church ſome degree of reform:

This

This bleſſing don't only beſtow on a friend,
Let its influence thro' your *own* realm extend.

We'll return to UNION, from this ſhort digreſſion,
And endeavour to anſwer your every expreſſion:
In the firſt place, you ſay it muſt be underſtood,
That the Meaſure's intended *alone for our good;*
Nay, further aſſert, ſhould we take your kind offer,
That *Ireland* muſt *flouriſh*, and *England* muſt *ſuffer!*
How likely all this is to happen, great giver,
You'll ſee by the tale of the *Sea and the River.* *

If

* The SEA, one day, accoſted a placid RIVER, gliding gently by her, in the following words:—"I have for this long time obſerved with concern, that you are ſo deſtitute of ambition as not to make any exertions towards the magnitude of your power: and as long as you are contented in your own inſignificant independence, you deny yourſelf the opportunity of encreaſing your conſequnnce and proſperity. I, *therefore*, am induced (entirely through Compaſſion to YOU—for it can be of no poſſible Advantage to ME,) to offer you an aſylum in my boſom, where you will partake of my glory and protection."—The RIVER thus modeſtly replied:—"Great King of Waters! you do me too much honor; I never had the arrogance to preſume a thought of incorporating myſelf with you. I have for theſe many years enjoyed my independence, however inſignificant it may be, and am now ſo perfectly reconciled to it, that I would not willingly exchange for any other ſituation. I poſſeſs every bleſſing that moderation can require: I can freely ramble through verdant vallies, ſhady groves, and flower-enamelled meadows, and when I am weary, enjoy a ſweet, tranquil repoſe, in the boſom of a romantic lake. I therefore am ſo unambitious of any further power or conſequence, that I muſt decline your friendly offer; at the ſame time I ſhall ever entertain the moſt lively ſenſe of gratitude for the unparalelled

If *Ireland* ſubmits, Saint, by you to be tickl'd,
Juſt like that poor River, ſhe'll ſurely be pickl'd.
You next ſay—See *Scotland* and *Wales* how they
flouriſh,
'Tis wonderful we no ſuch ambition nouriſh.
This ſtatement of your's may be true, yet we doubt it,
But whether or no, we care little about it;—
Saints ANDREW and DAVID * were born your tools,
My Sons were *free born*, ſo won't be your fools.
By factions, you next obſerve, *Ireland*'s ſo torn
As to render all proſpect of ſafety forlorn;—
To this we will anſwer, "Great Saint, 'tis too true
That *Ireland*'s diſtracted—but that's done by you;
You

---

honor you would beſtow upon me."—The SEA rejoined, "How ſilly is all this, ſtill to perſiſt in purſuing a ſolitary, inglorious courſe, which in a moment may be cut off by the art of man, and *you* diſpoſed of at his pleaſure; and yet to call this independence! No, ſimpleton, if you would be truly independent, heſitate not in *conſolidating* with a power that can bear floating worlds on her boſom, and hurl them to deſtruction at her pleaſure *." The ſimple RIVER became intoxicated by the SEA's artful deluſion, and, in a moment of *error*, ſubmitted herſelf to be plunged into irrevocable Ruin; for although ſhe became incorporated with the OCEAN, yet was ſhe but a drop in compariſon to it. The RIVER, therefore, inſtead of continuing in her primeval ſtate, admired and applauded by all, loſt her priſtine purity by the connection, and became a *Blot upon the Earth*, no longer to be regarded by poſterity.

* Patron Saints of *Scotland* and *Wales*.

---

* *The* SEA *here does not acknowledge the* Wind *to have any influence over her, but, like* other Great Powers *puffed up with pride, arrogates every thing to herſelf.*

You thought if you could but our Country divide,
We then muſt at once on your UNION decide,
For which you fomented, protracted, the ſtrife,
Depriv'd our poor iſland of half her dear life;
You left us to fight with a barbarous band,
Never thinking *alone* we could ſuch force withſtand;
But ſoon you perceiv'd, to your rage and your wonder,
How *our own valiant Sons* made *your Rebels* knock under:
When all this was done you ſent troops without number,
And whilſt they remain'd, they were nothing but lumber—
Came puffing and blowing, and panting for breath,
All this mighty fuſs, to be in at the death;*
And to theſe very troops you appropriate the glory
Of cruſhing rebellion—a very fine ſtory.
Having nothing to hope from your *politic tribes*,
You next try the virtue of places and bribes—
How far you've ſucceeded in this operation
Is prov'd by a long *rotten liſt* of *our nation:*

* This is not to be underſtood as derogatory in the ſmalleſt degree to the brave Engliſh Militia-men, who ſo nobly volunteered their ſervices for the advantage of *Ireland*; on the contrary, the Author of this poem has the higheſt veneration for that ſpirited body. It is only to be regretted that they were not permitted to put their laudable reſolutions into execution, when their preſence would have been of the moſt ſalutary nature to this country, by accelerating the extinction of rebellion, in which caſe many brave and loyal lives would have been preſerved.

But yet we've *found* hearts that ſuch baſeneſs deſpiſe,
And whoſe glory already reſound to the ſkies."
You next ſay—to *France* that we muſt fall a prey—
To anſwer that *bug-bear* we only this ſay—
" Your *intereſt* will tell you protection is due,
Saint, you owe us full as much as we owe you;
We owe *ſome* to you, to ourſelves we owe more,
So the freedom we'll never reſign of our ſhore;
We've ſons to defend it, who'll ſooner expire
Than tarniſh the luſtre of their guardian Sire.
America thus you preſum'd to inherit,
But ſhe your ſchemes foil'd by unanimous ſpirit.
Then, Saint, if you'd tranquilly ſit on your throne,
Let all ſuch mad flights of ambition alone."
You ſay, that rejecting this UNION's our choice
Alone, and quite foreign to *our people*'s voice;
" That this is rank falſhood the world ſhall ſoon know it,
Our numerous ſons by their conduct will ſhew it;
True brave virtuous ſons, who are this very hour,
Preparing petitions to an *higher power*,
Whoſe parental affection, in all points of view,
Make us hope more from him, Saint, than we hope from you.
Was our tongue made of iron it would not ſuffice,
To paint a true picture of every device,
You've knaviſhly practis'd to gain this your end;
You ſee, Saint, we know you, ſo liſt to a friend:
In this UNION if you are reſolved to perſiſt,
We are as determin'd your force to reſiſt,

So

So we pray you, Saint, candidly ſay *yes* or *no*,
As it ſeems by the ſun 'tis high time we ſhould go."
ST. GEORGE reply'd, "*Yes*, be it yet underſtood,
The meaſure's intended alone for *your good*:"
"Be it ſo," cried ST. PATRICK, "look ſharp to your noſe,
Since you are determin'd on coming to blows."
"If it ever ſhould happen," quoth ST. GEORGE, "this hear,
I'll * not be contented to cut off your *ear*,
As I did long ago to ST. DENIS, but dart,
And revenge my *noſe* on a more *miſchievous* part;
For your proweſs has come to the ears of my wife,
Whoſe conſtancy I hold far dearer than life."
"Ho, ho," cried ST. PATRICK, "then care will I take,
To preſerve that *ſame part* for BRITANNIA'S dear ſake;
But I'm told, ſo induſtrious ſhe is to adorn
Your *pate*, that there's now ſcarcely room for a horn;
HIBERNIA, my *chaſte wife*, ſhall never reſort,
And mix in the circles of her deprav'd court,
Her unimpeach'd virtue I wiſh to keep ſo:"
Quoth ST. GEORGE, "Friend PATRICK, I don't all this know;
'Tis difficult women's affections to fetter,
So the leſs ſaid about them I b'lieve is the better."

The

* In the heat of argument the Saints ſeem to have forgot their conſequence, and ſubſtituted *I* for *we*, like any *private gentleman*.

The Saints now in form, wiſh'd each other good
day,
And in different directions thro' air took their way;
GEORGE curſing the promiſe he raſhly had made*,
Whilſt PATRICK he journey'd, of *nothing afraid.*

* See his promiſe to BRITANNIA, page 20.

END OF THE SECOND CANTO.

B M